



# Daily Mirror



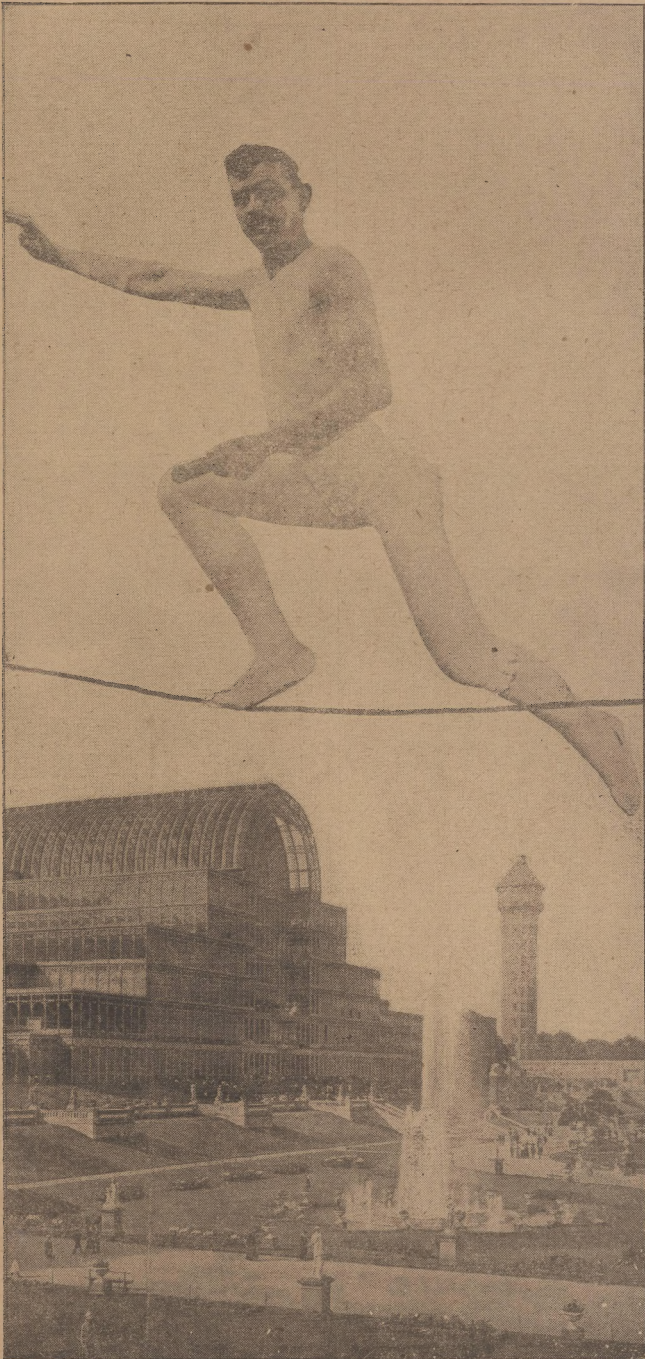
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THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1904.

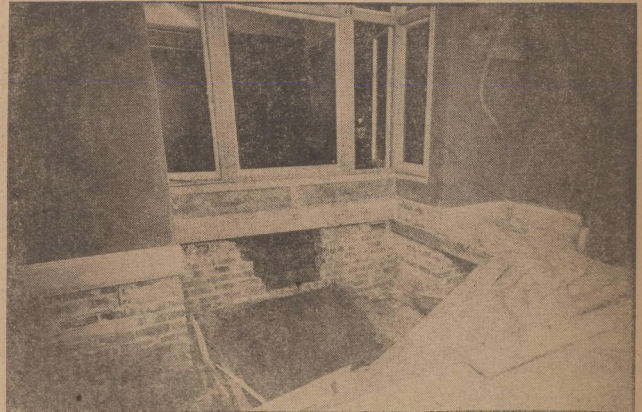
One Halfpenny.

"MIRROR" READERS CAN WITNESS THIS GREAT FEAT  
FREE ON SATURDAY.



M. Theo Orion, the famous funambulist, as he will appear at the Crystal Palace on Saturday next, when he will perform his stupendous aerial feat from mammoth towers on the Grand Terrace. To witness this great performance you have only to cut a coupon from Saturday's "Mirror" and present it at the Palace turnstiles and you will be admitted free.

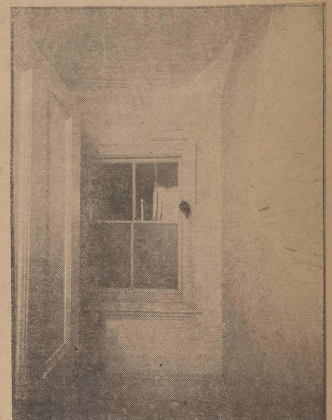
HOUSE PARTIALLY TUMBLES DOWN AN OLD PIT SHAFT  
AT BRIERLEY HILL.



The dining-room of the house at Brierley Hill, Staffordshire, which was built over an old pit shaft 100 yards deep. The floor of this room collapsed, and most of the furniture has disappeared down the shaft.



The suction caused by the collapse of the scaffolding in the pit burst open this door and smashed it into fragments.



Another curious effect of the suction was witnessed in every room in the house, where large patches of plaster were torn from the ceilings and walls.



Gangs of labourers are now busily engaged in filling up the subsided pit with earth and bricks, to prevent the whole house from tumbling down.







## PORT ARTHUR'S FALL.

Tokio Expects It Within a Fortnight.

### GREAT BATTLE EXPECTED.

Kuropatkin Prepares To Fight Near Mukden.

Every preparation has been made for a supreme attack on Port Arthur this week, and at Tokio it is confidently predicted that the fortress will fall within a fortnight.

At Mukden a battle is imminent. The Japanese are advancing with 180,000 men, and the rival armies are in constant touch along the Mukden road.

Much depends on a flanking movement round the Russian left which General Kuroki is believed to be conducting. Nothing has been permitted to transpire as to his movements, but startling developments may be looked for at any moment.

### JAPANESE PREDICTION.

TOKIO, Wednesday.—An attack on Port Arthur on more aggressive lines is expected this week. The Japanese have been preparing for it during the past nineteen days.

It is predicted that the reduction of the fortress will be accomplished within a fortnight.

The report of the capture of the two Kuropatkin forts on Monday is confirmed.

### 180,000 JAPANESE ADVANCING.

MUKDEN, Tuesday.—A battle is imminent. The Japanese are advancing with eight, possibly nine, divisions.

The River Hun forms the Russians' direct front.—Reuter's Special Service.

### READY TO FIGHT AGAIN.

TOKIO, Wednesday.—The impression is growing that a general engagement before Mukden will take place shortly.

General Kuropatkin is evidently preparing to offer a determined resistance, and is entrenching himself strongly and constructing fresh defences. He has an immense force available.

Both armies have rested, and, having recovered from the effect of the battle of Liao-yang, are in condition to fight again.

Marshal Oyama, it is anticipated, will continue to press General Kuropatkin until winter falls, and will then strongly guard his advance line until the spring.—Reuter.

### JAPANESE ATTACK REPULSED.

ST. PETERSBURG, Wednesday.—General Kuropatkin reports to the Tsar:—

"There is no change in the position of the army. On the afternoon of September 20 the enemy twice made an attack on the position occupied in the Dulín Pass by our detachment, four companies being sent forward to turn our left flank.

"Both the attacks were repulsed, and the turning movement was checked by our cavalry, with the machine guns which were attached to it."—Reuter.

### EIGHTY RUSSIAN OFFICERS KILLED.

ST. PETERSBURG, Wednesday.—The casualties in the battles of Liao-yang included 465 officers and six generals, the killed numbering eighty.—Reuter.

### "SOLDIERS WHO NEVER FLED."

ST. PETERSBURG, Wednesday.—In an article published to-day the "Journal de St. Petersburg" says:—

"An army which is able to do what the Russians accomplished at Liao-yang has a right to consider itself invincible. How, without denying the valour of our people, can we consider as beaten soldiers who never fled, whose retreats were conducted in splendid order, and whose immense moral force increases with every retirement like the winding of a steel spring?"—Reuter.

### RUSSIA SHIFTS HER GROUND.

PARIS, Wednesday.—According to the "Petit Parisien," the Russian Government has reopened the entire question of contraband regulations.

"Thus, coal is now once more declared to be contraband, whereas only last week it was announced not to be so.

"As may be imagined, in these circumstances, fresh disputes with the Powers have already arisen, and more unfortunate complications may ensue, for Russia appears to be firmly determined not to give way in the matter."

General Kuroki reports the capture of four miles of railway rails and 200 tons of coal.

General Sir William Nicholson has arrived in Tokio, improved in health.

## "DAILY MIRROR" DAY AT THE PALACE.

It has come to our knowledge that several newsvendors are endeavouring to obtain a penny, and in some few cases twopenny, for a copy of Saturday's issue, which will, as we have announced, contain a coupon entitling the purchaser to free admission to the Crystal Palace on that day.

The price of the "Daily Mirror" on Saturday will be THE USUAL PRICE of the "Daily Mirror"—VIZ, ONE HALF-PENNY—and we shall be obliged if readers will send us the name and address of any newsvendor who refuses to supply the paper at this price. Remember the price of the "Daily Mirror" on Saturday will be, as usual, ONE HALF-PENNY.

### LOVE THAT KILLED.

Disappointed Suitor's Ruse to Slay

His Sweetheart.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Wednesday.—Gustave Rompillon, a young chauffeur, employed in a refinery in the Boulevard de la Gare, fell in love with a young married woman, a female packer employed at the same place of business, Jeanne Bouvignies, by name.

His interviews with Jeanne Bouvignies took place at her home, when her husband was away at work. At the end of one of these interviews Jeanne told him that they must part; it must, she said, be their last interview.

It was the last but one. Rompillon went out and bought a large revolver, loaded it carefully, and went back. He knocked at Jeanne's door. She asked who was there. "It is I," said Rompillon. "I have a piece of bad news for you."

The unhappy woman opened the door and stood there with her two children wondering what the bad news could be.

Gustave Rompillon stepped forward, and, drawing her close to him, said that the news was that no other man should kiss her. As he said these words he seized the woman's hair, and, pulling her head back, fired in her face twice. Rompillon then turned the weapon, fired thrice in his own mouth, and fell forward across his victim.

### ENGLISHMAN ROBBED IN PARIS.

Thief Snatches His Money from a Railway Compartment.

Mr. William Monckton, a superintendent of the Great Central Railway, has had the pleasure of a Continental holiday seriously minimised by a bold thief.

He had intended leaving Paris for Aix-les-Bains, on Monday afternoon, but at the Lyons station a few minutes before the express was scheduled to leave, he placed his valise in the corner seat of a first-class compartment and went out on the platform a stroll.

When he returned a few minutes later the bag had disappeared.

A complaint was lodged, but the thief left no clue. Mr. Monckton was forced to remain in Paris, as the valise contained among other things a portfolio enclosing an important sum of money.

### PORT ARTHUR IN FIREWORKS.

For forty years Messrs. Brock have maintained the fame of Crystal Palace for its marvellous firework displays, and to-day this enterprising firm will take their annual benefit, aptly described as their Ruby Jubilee.

On this unique occasion all former triumphs of the pyrotechnic art will be entirely eclipsed. Immense set pieces will be presented, chief among them being a realistic representation of "A Sortie from Port Arthur."

The myriad attractions of the Palace will also be augmented, and among many fire class bands in attendance will be that of the Coldstream Guards.

### BECK INQUIRY FIXED.

The committee appointed by the Home Secretary to investigate the circumstances of Mr. Adolf Beck's conviction will hold its first meeting in October.

It is certain, says the Press Association, that arrangements will be made to inform the public of all that concerns them, even should it be determined not to have representatives of the Press present at the proceedings.

### £1,000,000 MORE CHARTERED CAPITAL.

In asking the shareholders of the British South Africa Company to sanction the issue of £1,000,000 new share capital, to be taken up by shareholders pro rata at one guinea per share, the directors say "they are confident that, with renewed prosperity in South Africa, the development of Rhodesia will again be rapid, and believe that its future prosperity is to-day assured."

### STEERAGE RATES UP AGAIN.

The 42 steerage rates are to go by the board.

It was stated at the offices of the White Star Line yesterday that the westward steerage rates to America would be forthwith raised from 42 to 43.

The Cunard and other lines have the matter under consideration, and it is considered certain that they will all come into line.

### LIFE FOR A FERN.

Senior Wrangler Falls Down a

Precipice.

A fatal climbing accident has occurred in the vicinity of the Devil's Kitchen, one of the most dangerous spots in the Snowdon district.

In stooping to pick a rare fern, Mr. Ronald Hudson, mathematical lecturer at Liverpool University, slipped over the edge of a precipice and fell headlong to the rocks below, being instantly killed.

Mr. Hudson was staying at Penygwyrd, near Bethesda, with an old friend, Mr. J. F. Cameron, of Cairns College, Cambridge. They were both climbers of some experience, and on Tuesday started off on an expedition to the Devil's Kitchen. Mr. Hudson, it appears, was on a fairly safe ground until he stepped aside from the path, attracted by the sight of the fern growing out of a niche.

His companion suddenly lost sight of him, and a moment later realised his terrible fate. Mr. Cameron found it impossible to reach his friend, and ran to the village for help.

A search party was formed, but it was only after a long time, and with the aid of ropes and ladders, that it was possible to reach the mangled body of Mr. Hudson. It had rolled down to a spot near Mr. Edward.

It is a sad coincidence that several well-known members of Cambridge University have lost their lives in mountaineering during the present year. Mr. Hudson was the most distinguished of their number. He was a fellow of St. John's College, and was Senior Wrangler five years ago. He gained highest honours in Part II., and was also Smith's prizeman.

### RIVER ON FIRE.

Smokers' Match Causes a Wonderful Scene.

The mate of a steamer, named James Lyon, while sitting in a small boat at South Shields yesterday lit his pipe and threw the match overboard.

To his astonishment the surface of the river burst into flames, threatening to destroy the boat and to set fire to the shipping. He escaped by swimming to a buoy, but was somewhat severely burned.

The flames, some of which shot twenty feet high, were soon extinguished. They were caused by a quantity of floating petroleum pumped from some steamer.

### BEECH-MARTIN "HAWKING."

The third of the trio of beech-martins that escaped from the Zoo still remains at liberty.

On this score little gratification is exhibited by park-keepers in the neighbourhood of Regent's Park.

One bereaved gentleman laments the loss of three fat young geese; another has missed a pair of nesting canaries, together with their cage.

In this case, however, there is circumstantial evidence to show that the missing animal is troubled with a hoarse cough, and wears a large size of hobnail boots.

### LORD MINTO AS THE "MESSIAH."

MONTREAL, Wednesday.—A message from Rosethorn, in the North-West Territories, says that the Dookloobers in that district, learning of Lord Minto's 500-mile ride overland, and hearing of the honours paid to him, decided that he must be the Messiah, for whom they are waiting.

Preparations for a pilgrimage to meet the Governor-General were at once begun. Several arrests have been made in order to stop the movement.—Lafan.

### SECRET OF SEX FOUND.

NEW YORK, Wednesday.—Professor Loeb, speaking at the International Congress of Arts and Sciences at St. Louis, said that biologists were now sufficiently advanced in their science to be able to control sex in newly-formed cells.—Lafan.

### TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is Gusty easterly breezes, fine and cool, occasional sunshine.

Lighting-up time: 6.59 p.m.

Sea passages will be rather rough in the south and east, moderate in the west.

## DAY OF WONDERS.

What Readers Will Find at the Palace.

### MUCH FOR A HALF-PENNY.

But No Free Lunches or Free Railway Fares.

### VOTING FOR BEAUTIES.

THE CATCH PHRASE OF THE DAY—"SEE YOU AT THE 'C.P.'"

### THE SONG OF THE DAY:—

Bearing each the magic coupon,  
How the *Mirror* readers—group on  
Sprightly group—will lightly troop on  
To the blithe "C.P."

For the *Mirror*, having riden 'em  
Of their cares and griefs, have hidden 'em  
To the House of Glass at Sydenham  
For a day of glee,  
—"Evening News."

No doubt remains; success is assured for the *Daily Mirror* gala at the Crystal Palace on Saturday next.

The arrangement of the colossal programme has entailed a vast amount of labour and the expenditure of large sums of money; but the promoters will feel amply rewarded if their guests spend a happy, enjoyable day.

That rests with themselves. An entertainment probably without parallel in the records of such events has been prepared—whether our readers avail themselves to the full of the opportunity offered remains to be seen.

Nothing is asked of them beyond presenting at any of the Crystal Palace entrances the coupon which will be published in the *Daily Mirror* on the morning of the great day.

One other little request may be made—that each visitor will do his or her best to make the event comfortable and pleasant for all concerned.

### NO FREE LUNCHES.

Much though we are offering, there appear to be a few unusually exacting readers who, like Oliver Twist, ask "for more."

For example, one correspondent at Hampstead inquires if a free lunch and dinner will be provided. Emphatically, no! Messrs. J. Lyons and Co., however, will conduct the vast commissariat department upon very reasonable terms.

Fifty refreshment bars will be opened. In addition, substantial lunches will be served in a room capable of seating 300 persons at a time, while "shilling teas" will be served in another commodious saloon with seating accommodation for 400. In short, Messrs. Lyons are prepared to cater with their accustomed skill for 200,000 *Daily Mirror*-ites, whose wants will be attended to by a staff numbering over 1,000.

A second correspondent has the temerity to inquire if the coupon—price one halfpenny—will cover his rail fare from Nottingham.

To this question a no less decisive negative must be given. At the same time, as we show elsewhere, all the important railway companies are affording special facilities for our guests.

### THE SIDE SHOWS.

Yet a third correspondent asks if a second coupon will gain him free admission to all the "side shows" and entertainments within the Palace walls. As we have repeatedly pointed out, the great majority of the entertainments will be free to our readers. In other cases a substantial reduction upon the usual charges will be made.

For all the great features of the day, however, the *Daily Mirror* no charge whatever will be asked. These in themselves constitute a monumental programme, the like of which has perhaps never before been presented.

### THE BEAUTY COMPETITION.

Scores of our fair readers have already signified their intention to take part in the All-Britain Beauty Competition. As, however, the Crystal Palace itself is barely sufficient to accommodate all our readers, who are qualified to compete for the three handsome gold bracelets, the Crystal Palace management has decided to limit the number of claimants to twelve.

These fortunate ladies will be selected from photographs, with which they are invited to favour the manager. In all cases the photographs will be returned. That the rivalry will be keen is indicated by the fact that the four most fascinating members of the Alhambra "Entente Cordiale" ballet have entered their names.

In the *Daily Mirror* of Saturday next a voting

(Continued on page 10.)



THE KING CROWNED

Rides in State Under Thirty Pounds of Metal.

A BLOOD-STAINED THRONE.

King Peter ("Black Peter") of Serbia was crowned in Belgrade Cathedral yesterday with a gun-metal crown weighing 30lb., or slightly over a quarter of a cwt.

The ceremony occupied three hours, and after the ordeal the King rode back to the Palace with his crown on his head and wearing his royal mantle, which turned the scales at 60lb., exactly twice the weight of his crown.

In these circumstances it was physically impossible for the successor of the murdered Alexander to carry his royal honours lightly.

But in his resolve to let his subjects see the gun-metal crown the King put up with any uneasiness his weight might occasion his head.

The celebrations commenced at an early hour, and everything passed off smoothly.

So admirably did the lies behave that there were no arrests, though a correspondent states that the King jerked his head nervously over his shoulder once or twice as he rode to and from the Palace.

Ghosts Did Not Appear.

Inside the cathedral the coronation ceremony was decorously conducted without interruption.

The ghosts of King Alexander and his beautiful wife, Queen Draga, did not appear to scare the regicides around the blood-stained throne.

In all the garrison towns of the country the firing of twenty-one guns started the day's celebrations. As early as eight o'clock the King arrived at the Cathedral on horseback, accompanied by his two sons and surrounded by his aides-de-camp and staff officers. Troops, students, and deputations from public bodies lined the route from the Palace.

It was a state pageant on a small scale, but a picturesque spectacle withal.

The decorations had somewhat recovered from the limp condition to which the rains of the previous day had brought them. They made a brave show at fluttering gaily as bunting should.

At the Cathedral his Majesty was received by the Diplomatic Body, all the Serbian Ministers, and the other notabilities who were invited to attend.

A salute of twenty-one guns announced that the King was inside the church, and an hour or so later the prolonged booming of 101 great guns proclaimed to the citizens that King Peter was wearing the crown, made from the old gun cast by order of the first Karageorge, the illustrious ancestor of King Peter.

Returning to the Palace, King Peter received the congratulations of the Diplomatic Body.

There were no congratulations for King Peter from the British representative. Our diplomatic relations with Serbia have not been revived since the assassination of King Alexander and Queen Draga.

IS IT PEACE?  
White Passion Flower Blooms Beside the Sunbury Fence.

The armistice at Sunbury has been prolonged until Monday, when the Urban Council meets to decide what is to be done.

In the meantime the rival combatants spend most of their time being interviewed and photographed.

The picturesque little village of Sunbury has been fuller than ever before the last few days. Business is quite demoralised, and the police force in Sunbury are pleasantly engaged in watching the battlefield and explaining the cause of the fracas to inquirers.

The heroine, Miss Annett, a pretty, brown-eyed girl, with a delightful dimple in either cheek, outlined yesterday to a *Mirror* representative how matters stood.

For the time being, nothing is being done on either side till the council meets on Monday. No one will know till it is over what has been decided. "Dad" is on the council, and he's gone to Rams-gate now to rest until Monday."

The light of battle flashed into her eyes when she said: "The men come down every evening at six to see if we'll have to pull up any more fences, but at present we are the victors and ought to remain so."

Meantime beside the fence a lovely white passion-flower is coming gloriously into blossom by kind permission of the combatants. It looks like a flag of truce.

ANOTHER FICKLE BRIDE.

Another case of a wedding being abandoned at the eleventh hour has come to light at Chester. A postal clerk named Harold Pollard should yesterday have been married to a Miss Selway, until recently employed at a chemist's shop in the town. A house had already been furnished for the couple, but the prospective bridegroom received a message from the girl's family to say that she had left home.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL.

A London Hospital Performs a Marvellous Cure.

Truly science comes near to proving that the age of miracles is not past.

For four months a young girl of twenty, belonging to a west-country village, had been totally blind. Now she sees.

The credit for the restoration of her sight lies with St. Bartholomew's Hospital.

Eight years ago the girl met with an accident which resulted in the sight of her left eye being completely destroyed. Several years later the eye had to be removed. The right eye then grew painful, and the girl became totally blind.

Her medical advisers told her parents that the second eye must be removed, and to St. Bartholomew's Hospital she was sent to undergo the operation.

At St. Bartholomew's she was treated in the ophthalmic ward for about four weeks, and she is now able to walk unattended and to read large type with the aid of glasses.

Without difficulty she can decipher the headlines of a newspaper at a distance of about a yard.

CHANCE FOR PARK PESTS.

How They Can Be Cleansed Without Payment.

There is really no excuse for the unclean persons who infest our public parks and libraries. They can be cleansed for the asking, at no cost to themselves.

Yesterday a number of students who are preparing for the examinations of the Sanitary Institute inspected the establishment provided by the Marylebone Council for this purpose.

Close upon a thousand persons are cleansed here every month. Many of them arrive in a condition too terrible for words.

They leave thoroughly cleansed and disinfected, and the medical officer of the borough is able to trace a marked diminution of infectious disease as the use of the establishment has increased.

The patients do not undergo bodily cleansing only. Their clothes are taken from them and subjected to a treatment of steam and hot air that effectually exterminates all germs and parasites.

They leave with a certificate of cleanliness that proves very useful to those among them who are seeking employment.

LUNATIC'S DAY OUT.

Runs in Front of an Express and Escapes Miraculously.

A lunatic who escaped from Winslow Green Asylum, Birmingham, has had an adventurous day out.

He climbed the wall by means of the trees growing alongside it.

The police came up with the demented fugitive near Lichfield, as he was jumping about on the Trent Valley Railway lines in front of the London to Liverpool express. He miraculously escaped being run over.

When taken to the workhouse he struggled violently to be free, but was soon overpowered and returned to Winslow Green.

EVERY MAN A MOTORIST.

Three Thousand Miles Test for Low-Priced Cars.

The days when the motor-car was regarded as a luxury only to be afforded by the rich are rapidly passing.

The recent successes of the low-priced light cars in the Herefordshire trials have opened the eyes of the man of moderate means. But to prove still more convincingly the possibilities of this type of car, Messrs. Charles Jarrott and Letts, Ltd., yesterday dispatched two Oldsmobiles to undergo the exceptionally severe test of a tour of 3,000 miles over portions of England, Scotland, Wales, and 400 miles over Irish roads—the severest test of all.

One of the Oldsmobiles is two-seated, its price being £150. The other is a four-seated, light tonneau, and is of a type offered at £200.

TO MAKE THE WOMEN SNEEZE.

Arising out of the disorderly scenes connected with the Curzon Mill strike at Ashton, three youths were yesterday fined 20s. and costs for throwing pepper at non-union women. The defence was that the pepper was intended to make the women sneeze.

It is believed that the Masters' Federation have resolved to continue the struggle.

FUTILE GALLANTRY.

Forty Foot Dive in a Rough Sea To Save Life.

A Dover diver, named Potter, nearly lost his life yesterday in the attempt to save his comrade Wiltshire, who fell into the sea while working on the national harbour works about a mile out.

Potter dived 40ft. into a very rough sea, but unfortunately Wiltshire sank at once.

Some of Potter's mates threw him a lifebuoy as he was drifting away, and hauled him up with rope.

Some hours previously a diver named Freeman fell overboard near the same place, and was saved by his mate, Groombridge, getting a rope with a running bowline around him.

It was only last week that Freeman taught Groombridge how to make a running bowline. The tutor had thus great credit by his pupil.

APPLES WITH THE KING'S PORTRAIT

Fetch the Amazing Price of £5 for a Box of Six.

A box of six remarkable apples yesterday fetched a remarkable price at Covent Garden.

They weighed a pound each, and each had on it the portrait of H.M. the King and the royal arms. These portraits of the King had been made by fixing photographic films on the apples as they grew.

Mr. J. J. Thompson, the buyer, was at once bid large sums for his purchase. One fruit-buyer paid £5 for the box.

In strange contrast with this is a report from Spalding of apples selling at the rate of 14lb for two pence. There are immense quantities of fruit on the market, and much will be left unsold because of unremunerative prices. At the same time the retail price is kept unduly high.

APOSTLE OF MIXED BATHING.

Mr. Idris, L.C.C., Thinks It Should Be Extended to Public Baths.

Mixed bathing at public swimming baths was strongly advocated by Alderman Idris, of the London County Council, at a swimming exhibition by municipal officers at St. Pancras. "After seeing," he said, "what a large amount of mixed bathing takes place at the coast watering places I do not see why mixed bathing should not be encouraged in public baths. Difficulties of dress could be easily overcome by an enforced wearing of a proper and orthodox dress, and although there are people who would abuse the privilege, a strong supervision would be sufficient to reduce the possibility of such abuse to a minimum."

"Fathers would bring their daughters, husbands their wives, young men their sweethearts, to the encouragement of this most healthy and useful of all exercises. It is a suggestion which I recommend to the consideration of the baths management of St. Pancras."

Mr. Idris's remarks were greeted with applause, and the suggestion meets with a large amount of support.

BLUE-COATS IN THE CITY.

Their Once Familiar Uniform Revives Old Memories.

The City was itself once again yesterday, thronging with blue-coat boys as of yore.

Several hundreds of the blue-coats came up from their new abode at Horsham to re-visit the once familiar scenes around Holborn, Chapside, and St. Paul's, and more particularly to be regaled with buns and lemonade as the guests of the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House in celebration of St. Matthew's Day.

As they marched from Christ Church, Newgate-street, after the customary service, the boys had an affectionate welcome from the citizens. Many a business man stopped to admire the bare-headed, blue-coated, yellow-stockinged brigade. In the crowd were doubtless many former Blue-coats, boys no longer.

As souvenirs of the day the boys received from the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress silver coins clean and white from the Mint.

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR THE BABY SHOW.

Our baby beauty-show is proving remarkably popular with *Mirror* readers in all parts of the country.

From Aberdeen to London, from Bayswater to Bow, pictures arrive in hundreds every day.

One proud father wrote yesterday to say that he had had his "little cherub" photographed in haste specially for the competition.

Parents and guardians are requested not to omit to write the name and address of the baby candidate on the back of the picture. We repeat this direction because many forget it.

Every child under seven is eligible for the prize of five guineas.

THE BRODRICK CAP.

War Office Condemns the Hideous Headgear.

TOMMY ATKINS REJOICES.

There is cheering news for Tommy Atkins. His curl and the favour of his girl are assured.

The Brodrick cap, variously nick-named the "frying-pan" and the "pork-pie," is doomed.

This is the principal item of a number of changes in recruiting that have been decided upon by the War Office.

Officials have ascribed the slump in recruiting to the hideous pork-pie headpiece.

Although the conditions and pay of Tommy Atkins have been improved recently, and there has been an increase in the numbers of unemployed, something has kept young men away from the Army.

The public and the recruiting sergeants have been aware all along that the Brodrick cap was the



The Brodrick Cap is to be abolished. There has been a serious falling-off in enlisting since the caps were issued. Intending recruits say that it makes them "look silly."

chief deterrent. And at last the War Office is convinced.

The officials tried recently an experiment with khaki covers and peaks; these additions, however, made the effect even more undesirable.

The German Fashion.

But the War Office is not going to give the German style up without a struggle. Yet another experiment is to be made, with a variation—this time of a peaked cap similar to that worn by officers.

Officers and men, and, more important still, the girls whose opinion Tommy Atkins so highly values, strongly favour a return to the field service cap, which enables Tommy Atkins to display his curls.

It was serviceable and very smart-looking; and it is practically certain that this type of hat will again be adopted.

One section of the authorities, however, incline towards a blue "slouch" hat with the regimental badge on the upturned brim.

In any case, the Brodrick cap is to go, and the British soldier breathes freer.

The Unpopular Cap.

Infantry regiments are the greatest sufferers from the unpopularity of the present cap, only the eight battalions of green-coated riflemen, which have always been favourites, now attracting recruits.

The cavalry and artillery are always overcrowded, and are now actually closed to recruiting.

Mr. Arnold-Forster also contemplates offering many new inducements to recruits, including an increase of pay; and the country will very soon be in possession of a scheme which is based on the principle that the Army should be as attractive as any civil occupation.

The bearing of a soldier's training on his occupation after leaving the colours is being borne in mind, and it is believed that the new scheme will demonstrate beyond a doubt that we Army offers a very attractive prospect to respectable and well-educated men.

In future any soldiers with a good-conduct record will be practically certain of remunerative work on leaving the Army.

GENERAL FAINTS WHILE CYCLING.

While cycling near Farnham, General Moncrieff fainted, and falling, sustained a severe wound on the head. He was insensible when picked up, but on being removed to an adjoining cottage and receiving medical care recovered sufficiently to be conveyed home. The General, who is sixty-eight years old, is making favourable progress.



# Curious Charge of Libel by Placard.

## SCENES IN HIGHGATE.

A police-court case heard at Highgate yesterday, which at first promised to provide tragic details, resulted in a comedy. In fact, it provided a scenario for a dramatic writer on the look-out for materials for a farce. The scenario is as follows:—

### DRAMATIS PERSONE.

Mr. John Marcham (a Muswell Hill house-owner).  
Mr. William McBeth Marcham, Mr. John McNeill Marcham, and Mr. Frank Marcham (his sons living away from home).  
Mr. Brindle and Mr. Andrews (Muswell Hill citizens, occupiers of property adjoining St. James's House, the residence of Mr. Marcham).  
Mrs. Brindle and Mrs. Andrews (wives of the foregoing).

Miss Sarah Ann Goodchild (a lady music-teacher, lodger at St. James's House).  
Magistrates, policemen, men in the street, etc.

SCENE I. (outside St. James's House; time, night).—Enter masked figures, who attach a printed placard to the garden gate. At the top of the placard is the facsimile of the certificate of marriage of Mr. John Marcham, and underneath these words:—

### PUBLIC NOTICE.

TO OUR FRIENDS AND NEIGHBOURS AT MUSWELL HILL.

It has come to our knowledge that a certain female, named SARAH ANN GOODCHILD—alias BRAY—a teacher of music, late of Melrose Villa, 9, Springfield-road, New Southgate, formerly of 22, River-road, Upper Holloway, and now resident at St. James's House, St. James's-lane, Muswell Hill, has alleged that she is married to JOHN MARCHAM, of the same address, and that SARAH JANET MARCHAM was and is not his lawful wife.

In order, therefore, to defend the reputation of our Mother and our own honour, we print and publish the above facsimile and ask our friends to bring it to the notice of all whom it may interest.

Signed JOHN N. MARCHAM.  
FRANK MARCHAM.

SCENE II. (the same time, Sunday afternoon).—Mr. John Marcham and Miss Goodchild discovered looking out of an upper window in St. James's House. Below a curious crowd are reading the placard attached to the gate. William McBeth Marcham, John McNeill Marcham, and Frank Marcham join the crowd and talk loudly.

SCENE III. (a little further up St. James's-lane).—Enter Miss Goodchild. She sees Mr. Brindle and Mr. Andrews flourishing a printed placard (the placard) at her. They proceed to fix upon their premises.

SCENE IV. (under Muswell Hill railway arch; time, the evening).—Enter Miss Goodchild. She looks at the brickwork under the arch, and there sees the printed placard affixed.

SCENES IV. to C. (other parts of Muswell Hill).—Enter Miss Goodchild. Everywhere she sees the placards.

SCENE CL. (St. James's-lane).—Enter along the lane Mrs. Andrews and Mrs. Brindle.

Mrs. Andrews and Mrs. Brindle (ensemble to passers-by and pointing to placards): Please look at this. It is worth reading.

SCENE CII. (outside St. James's House).—Enter William McBeth Marcham, John McNeill Marcham, and Frank Marcham. They knock at the front door of St. James's House. Miss Goodchild opens the door, lets fall a lamp, and falls herself. She calls out "Jack!" Uproar. William McBeth, John McNeill, and Frank retire from the house, at the front door of which Frank hurls a stone.

SCENE CIII. (Highgate Police Court).—Enter the witness-box Miss Goodchild, wearing, in addition to a stylish costume, brown cloth gloves and a string of corals.

A Barrister: Are you married to Mr. Marcham? Miss Goodchild: Certainly not.

Miss Goodchild explains that she and her mother are lodgers.

Enter Mr. John Marcham.  
Mr. John Marcham: I am not living at St. James's House now; I am taking a holiday. They were threatening to shoot and murder me, and I can't stop. They threw so many stones at my house that it sounded like hail.

The Bench: William McBeth Marcham, John McNeill Marcham, Frank Marcham, Andrews, and Brindle are committed for trial on the charge of publishing a defamatory libel.

### LADY CURZON ILL.

Lady Curzon was somewhat suddenly seized with illness early yesterday morning at Walmer Castle, and a London physician was summoned.

His lordship and Lady Curzon were to have left to-morrow for India, embarking on the Arabia, but the departure is now deferred.

Lady Curzon's condition is not, however, such as to give any immediate cause for anxiety.

The famous prima-donna, Countess de Miranda (Madame Christine Nilsson), has arrived in London from Paris.

# Matrimonial Prospects Foretold by Bird Calls.

"Madame Mona" is the professional title of John Victor Green, who was fined the maximum penalty of £25 by the Blackpool magistrates yesterday, for practising palmistry and the art of telling fortunes. Green is said to have been formerly a weaver and a grocer.

One of "Madame's" clients was an officer living at Preston. He was told that his first marriage would be rather sudden, and that his partner would be found in figure and form, medium in complexion, and above average height.

The officer purchased "Madame's" dream book for ten shillings. It contained over three hundred interpretations. The reader learnt that if a girl dreamt of hearing the cuckoo she would be able to ascertain how many years would elapse before her entrance into the marriage state. The number of times the bird called represented the number of years she would have to wait.

To dream of being in the custody of a policeman signified that the reader would be unjustly blamed. A book of astrological aspects contained the following:—

Your lucky or unlucky stars are Venus, Jupiter, or Mars. Does Saturn with impending doom Constrain you to a living tomb?

"Madame" did not appear in court.

A true bill was returned by the grand jury at Clerkenwell Sessions yesterday against the Regent-street palmists and alleged fortune-tellers, Charles Tricker, known as "Yoga," and Charles and Martha Stevenson, the "Keiros."

Mr. Loveland-Loveland, K.C., presiding at the sessions, fixed the trial for to-morrow.

## IN QUEST OF ADMIRATION.

### German Youth's Demand for Ornaments of His Sweetheart.

Accosting a police-inspector at Heston, a young German named Schuller showed him the photograph of a lady, and asked his opinion of her.

The officer smilingly passed on, and Schuller asked a passing lady the same question, exclaiming: "I loves her; I loves her woman!"

As he was inebriated, and refused to go away, he was arrested, and at Brentford Police Court yesterday the precious photograph was handed to the magistrate.

Still talking about his lady-love, Schuller denied being drunk, but was fined 10s.

## AFFLUENCE ON £1 10s. A WEEK.

### Proceeds of a Jewellery Theft Procures Brief-lived Popularity.

Benjamin Albert Last was exceedingly popular in Brompton from the fact that when his daily duties as salesman to a Knightsbridge jeweller were ended he met his friends and treated them generously.

How he managed to do this, and also indulge in betting, on his salary of 39s. a week, and commission was revealed when his employer returned from a holiday and found that Last had appropriated articles to the value of £1,700, of which £800 worth had been pawned.

At Clerkenwell Sessions yesterday Last was sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment.

## LOVE AS THIEF'S MOTIVE.

### How a Plumber Provided His Sweetheart with Presents.

To provide his sweetheart with presents a young Birkenhead plumber named Richard Ellis committed a series of most impudent thefts.

Attired in his overalls he gained admittance to various large houses by representing that he was a corporation employee come to inspect the cistern, and after his departure articles of jewellery were generally found to be missing.

In one case he removed several bricks in the cellar and entered the adjoining house, which he robbed.

An attempt to pawn a lady's valuable ring, which he said had been returned by his sweetheart after a quarrel, led to Ellis's arrest.

Yesterday at Liverpool he was sent to prison for eighteen months.

## OVERCOME BY CHANGE OF AIR.

Two women fined at Southwark for drunkenness each gave the same excuse, that "It was the change of air's done it. I had just come back from hopping."

## "DAILY MIRROR" MINIATURES.

On page 16. of to-day's issue you will find full particulars of the beautiful miniatures we are supplying to *Daily Mirror* readers.

# How a Doctor Was Persuaded to Become a Director.

Some extraordinary evidence was given in the Hooley-Lawson case yesterday at Bow-street by two amateur company directors.

One of these gentlemen admitted innocently transferring 25,000 shares of the Electric Trust Company for 5s., which worked out at a little more than 400 a penny.

This gentleman, Dr. Richard Henry Ward, of Epsom-lane, who was persuaded to become a director by one of the directors, said he did not know anything of company matters, and that he used to sign documents which he did not understand.

Mr. Gill: How did you come to transfer to Mr. Lawson 25,000 shares for 5s.?

Dr. Ward: The other signatory—another patient of mine—and myself were asked to sign it, and we did so.

Mr. Gill: Did you understand the reason?—No. Another director, a retired Croydon tobacconist, was not quite sure, but believed the Trust started with a capital of only £120.

Mr. Avery asked the magistrate to deal with Hooley at once. He said the name of Mr. Hooley had been before the public for many years, and there was a great prejudice against him owing to the failure of the enterprises in which he had been engaged.

If he were sent to a jury that prejudice might operate against him, and it was the duty of the magistrate to prevent anything of that kind being done.

However, the magistrate said the points were so important that he must further adjourn the case.

## REPENTANT LOVER.

### Violent Display of Remorse After Stabbing His Sweetheart.

Charged with stabbing a girl of seventeen, whom he had courted for nineteen months, Charles Roberts created a sensation at Marylebone Police Court yesterday by banging his head so violently against the dock rails that he had to be restrained.

A quarrel had arisen because Roberts had refused to accompany the girl home. Subsequently the man believed that the girl was taking up with a soldier, and meeting her in the street he stabbed her in the back with a penknife, and then gave himself up to the police.

He was committed for trial.

## SWEETHEART'S BARGAIN.

### "I Give You This on Condition That You Marry Me."

A young man asked Mr. Dickinson at North London Police Court yesterday to assist him to recover presents he had given to a young lady. He gave them on condition that she married him.

Mr. Dickinson: Do you ask me to believe that you said on each occasion that you made her a present, "I give you this on condition that you marry me?"

The Applicant: Yes.

Mr. Dickinson: Then it is a case for the county court. But I don't think you will get any jury to believe it. No self-respecting young woman would accept presents on such conditions.

## SONG OF DEATH.

### Tragic Circumstances of a Professional Singer's End.

By a dramatic coincidence, Alfred Vernon, a professional singer, brought about his death while rendering one of his best-known songs, entitled "Ye Wanderers What the End Will Be," at the Gladstone Club, Leytonstone.

The song deals with the story of a gambler's ruin, and the singer at the end pretends to commit suicide with a revolver. Vernon had included the song in his repertory for more than twelve years. On this occasion the stage pistol failed to go off, and he accidentally wounded his hand with it. He was taken home and attended by a doctor, but a week later died in the London Hospital from lockjaw.

At the inquest yesterday the coroner remarked: "Lockjaw was set up by dirt getting into a wound, or it may have been in the air. It is singular, but I have had a number of lockjaw cases from the Leytonstone district."

## MOBBING A PRISONER.

Eric Lange, the Norwegian sailor, who is alleged to have murdered Mr. John Emlyn Jones, the landlord of the Bridgend Hotel, was committed for trial yesterday.

When Lange left the court he was loudly booed by a crowd of people. At the railway station there was another hostile demonstration, a number of men making an ugly rush at the prisoner.

# Premier's Friend Selling Matches in London.

## TALE OF A WRONG.

Chance has brought to light the life story of one of those unfortunate wanderers in London who make the Thames Embankment their place of refuge.

It relates to a man named William Burt, eighty-three years of age, who is now awaiting the result of an application to the Bow-street magistrate for outdoor relief in lieu of having to enter the work-house. "I am not too old," he declared to Mr. Marsham. "A wise Providence has ordained that through my sobriety and active life I should have the use of every limb. Why should I go into the house?"

Yesterday afternoon he was found sitting in his customary place under a tree on the Embankment selling matches. He was induced to tell the strange story of his life, and the mission which brought him to London, where he has now found himself stranded.

A native of Ringwood, Hampshire, he went when he was twenty years old to Australia, and in 1856, after twelve years of sheep farming, sought his fortune at the Ballarat goldfields.

"One day a stranger arrived. His luck had been against him, and he asked permission to take my wash dirt, from which anybody who takes the trouble can extract a good percentage of finer gold."

"Later on he joined me in my hole, and we digged together for seven or eight months, living together in the same tent. To-day he is one of the Antipedian Premiers. There was never a better digger or a more friendly companion, and he was always an extremely just and upright man."

"When he was in this country at the Coronation time I was his constant visitor at the Hotel Cecil."

### An Unjust Judge.

With his mining savings Burt later purchased a plot of land at Fingill, in Austria, and set out his capital upon a model farm. It was soon after this that an incident occurred to which he attributes all his subsequent troubles. A violent quarrel between two magistrates of the Court of General Session, whom he speaks of as Mr. X and Mr. Z, led the former to do all he could to annoy the latter.

Though X was convinced Z had been in the right, and consequently refused X's request for a vote. This aroused the magistrate's animosity, and he threatened "to run Burt from Fingill" as a pauper.

Some time later Burt brought an action against a man who sold him an imperfect watch, and through X's malice, he alleges, a verdict was entered for the defendant. In his efforts to secure another trial Burt involved himself in ruin.

In 1894, he made an unsuccessful appeal for a Royal Commission to inquire into his case. Twice X sent him to prison for contempt of court when he applied for the record of the verdict to be altered on the ground that he was only non-suited.

"By this time," he says, "all my savings had been exhausted, and execution was made on my wife's property for the costs."

"When my wife, on recognising the bailiff, tried to push the door to, the men pushed it open again with such force that she died a few days later from the effects of the assault."

### Helped by Mr. Chamberlain.

Eventually his friends collected £100 and sent him to London to lay his case before the House of Lords. After much delay he was informed that there is no jurisdiction in this country over the Courts of General Session in Australia.

In concluding his story the old man said:—"Judges Watson and McNaughton have taken great interest in my case, and Mr. Joseph Chamberlain has helped me to obtain the necessary papers from Australia; but all to no avail."

"Meanwhile, I am stranded in this country. My money has long since been exhausted, and I have to sell matches in the streets of London for a living. It is a jolly hard ending"—the old man's eyes were filled with tears—"but I shall still hope on!"

## JUDGESHIP CAME TOO LATE.

### Slave to Morphia Dies on the Eve of Promotion.

When news of his appointment to a Judgeship in Algeria arrived at the London lodgings of Rene Meret, a young Frenchman, he was lying dead in his apartments, a victim to morphia.

He arrived from Rouen six months ago to study English, and stayed at Upper Bedford-place. He did not appear at dinner on Sunday, and upon the landlord entering his room, Meret was lying dead on the bed with a morphia phial by his side.

On the next day a telegram from his father announced the son's appointment to the Judgeship. Death was shown at the inquest yesterday to have been due to an overdose of morphia.



1 Coleman-street, London, E.C., and at the Auction Room  
Tokenhouse-yard, E.C.



## NOTICE TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are at  
2, CARMELITE-STREET,  
LONDON, E.C.

TELEPHONES: 1310 and 1319 Holborn.  
The West End Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are:—  
45 AND 46, NEW BOND-STREET, LONDON, W.  
TELEPHONE: 1086 Gerard.  
TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS: "Reflexed," London.  
PARIS OFFICE: 25, Rue Talbott.

# Daily Mirror

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1904.

## COURAGE OR FOLLY?

THERE is something peculiarly sad about the death of Mr. Ronald Hudson on the Welsh hills near Bethesda. A member of an exceptionally gifted family Mr. Hudson was himself a Senior Wrangler, and the life which has been so rudely cut short was full of promise for the future; but the fascination which the very danger of mountain climbing exercises over its devotees proved too strong for him, and in the effort to reach some rare flower growing in a perilous place he fell to a mercifully sudden death upon the rocks beneath.

To those who have never experienced the strange joy of overcoming the difficulties of a perilous ascent it seems hard to realise that any but the rashest youth could risk life or limb to no useful end, but the fact remains that not a few of the victims which the sport of mountaineering claims year by year are men of exceptional ability. Of course, upon the Alps many lives are lost by absolutely criminal rashness, as when some beginner at the game thinks that after a few weeks' practice he can dispense with the services of a trained guide; but altogether apart from these there are many who quite calmly and deliberately venture in places where one false step, one slight miscalculation, would inevitably send them straight to death.

It seems strange that it should be so, but a certain contempt of danger, a pure joy in the mere act of facing it, has always been reckoned among the characteristics of our people, and we have to ask ourselves whether we should be better as a race if this spice of recklessness were to be replaced by timidity, or even by a businesslike caution. One thing is very certain, that we should make but poor soldiers and sailors if it were so. Every good fighter is reckless of danger at the proper moment, and a man cannot be brave or timid to order. However much we may regret the loss of such lives as those of the brilliant scholar whose death is just recorded, we must acknowledge that the very recklessness we condemn is due to a quality which, applied to other channels, has had no small share in making us what we are.

## THE BLOODSTAINED THRONE.

King Peter of Servia has been crowned at last, and the threats of the anonymous correspondent, who intimated that if the monarch persisted on going through the ceremony he would meet with as swift an end as his predecessor, have fortunately not been fulfilled. King Peter has had the crown placed upon his august head with all due ceremony, and we wish him joy of it; but there are probably few men in Europe who envy him his lot.

The steps of the throne to which he mounted on the bodies of the murdered Alexander and his Queen are, in the sight of all honest men, slippery with blood. He may not have known the precise moment selected for the awful tragedy of the Konak; but when the deed was done he was not slow to take advantage of it, and the assassins to whom he owed his kingly rank were but frowned on for a moment to be promoted later.

For such a man, in his constant dread of retribution, one can have little sympathy, nor does it seem well that a throne thus won should be a comfortable place.

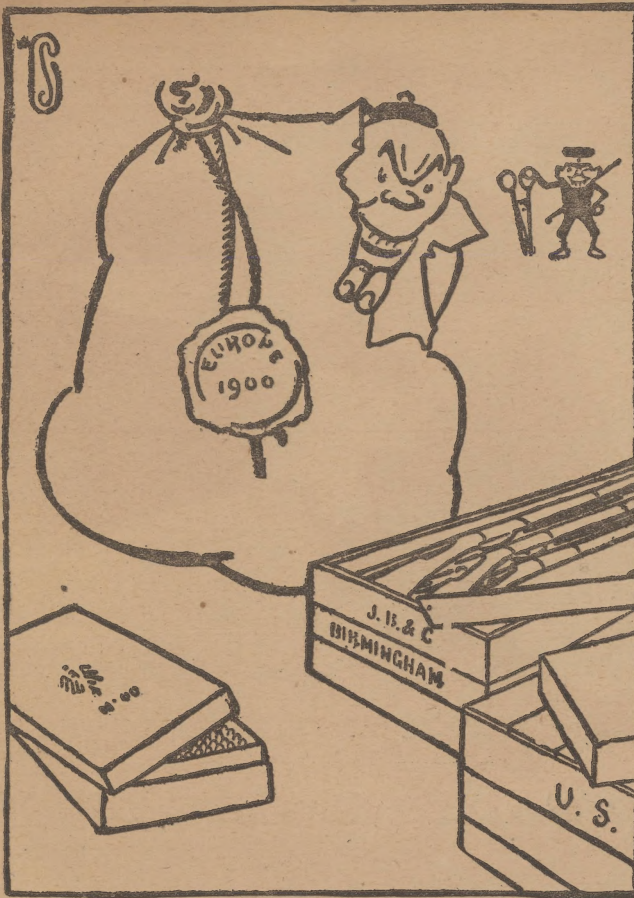
## AMERICAN WISDOM.

A mother is always proud of her over-sized children until she takes them for a trip on a railroad train.

Something is seriously wrong with a family when more than one of the daughters act foolish.

Before permitting the children to own a puppy, ask the neighbours what they think about it.—"Atchison Globe."

## RUSSIA BLAMES JOHN BULL AS USUAL.



Europe since 1900 has sealed up China and enforced her neutrality. Now, according to the cartoonist of the Russian paper, "Novoye Vremya," wicked John Bull is sending China arms, and the Jap, with his scissors, has cut the bag and let John Chinaman out.

## BROKEN ENGAGEMENTS.

More Letters from "Mirror" Readers on the Vexed Question.

Among the many letters which yesterday arrived at the *Mirror* office, discussing the question of whether a man is justified in breaking off his engagement at the eleventh hour before the wedding, are the following:—

My own case may prove interesting in the discussion.

I was engaged to a young lady, but finding we were not suited to each other asked her to break off the engagement. She refused to do so on three separate occasions. I married her against my judgment, and after a fortnight of married life we parted. Our marriage has wrecked two lives. "One Who Knows" says marriage is lunacy; so do I. MARRIED.

Islington.

Whichever side Mr. Geo. R. Robeson's "secret understanding" may be on, surely a man can play the part of a gentleman if he cannot act as one!

I do not infer for one moment that one wrong obliterates another, or that it can be atoned at the altar.

My contention is that if a man cultivates a woman's acquaintance sufficiently to become betrothed it is not necessary to leave it until the eleventh hour to cancel it. H. C. WHITE.

51, Candahar-road, Battersea, S.W.

The frequency with which married people are compelled to appeal to the Divorce Court nowadays is to be traced directly to the convention which seeks to make an engagement binding against the wishes of the parties. When engaged couples find they are "unsuitable," they should part.

Margaret Branson says a man can do nothing more despicable than to jilt a girl at the last moment. He can do much worse. I consider it a more honourable act to break an engagement at the last moment and suffer the usual nine days' comments than to submit to a life of married misery. G. BRUNDISH.

20, Raglan-road, Bromley.

## A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

Lord Rosebery.

HE says he is a dull dog. It is not really true. What he ought to have said is that he is a very clever dog, but a lazy one. His trouble is not that he can't, but that he won't. He likes politics. There is not the faintest doubt about that, but he will not come down into the political arena. He prefers to sit up aloft and criticise. He does not like the dust of a fight, though nobody likes to be victorious more than he does.

He finds it so easy to say smart things that he does not care to bother what he says them about. If only he would find definite ground on which to stand he would be a more imposing figure. He might have been a big political force in the days when men did not think for themselves, but to-day he annoys people rather than otherwise by brilliant speeches which carefully avoid the point. But he is a fine sportsman. He does not have to take any trouble to be that. If he had to make any effort he probably would not be.

He suffers from the "artistic temperament." If only he lived in a Chelsea studio he would be a success. As a public man he is worse than disappointing.

## THE MIRROR UP TO NATURE.

At Harvest Time.

A clear night sky, gem-set in its impenetrable depths with a myriad sparkling stars; the blackness of darkness melted into mysterious depths of blue by floods of silvery moonlight.

Swish-swish sweeps the night-wind, hurrying up the country lane and flinging the thousand leaves it gathers in passing against the window with a tap-tap as of ghostly visitants.

In the morning the sun shines out again. The sky is a sea of white-flecked blue. But the lawn is thick-strewn with the silver leaves of the white poplar, and the trees stand stripped and bare. The wind plays on incorrigibly—it never learns its lesson of reverence! It gathers up the leaves it so heartlessly murdered but last night, tosses them round and round in a wicked swirl, and dashes on again leaving Summer lying dead upon the ground.

## THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

PRINCE RADZIWIŁŁ, who has brought news to the outer world of the state of Lord Arthur, is only half Russian, his mother being German. His sister is married to Prince Blücher, the grandson of the famous general who fought at Waterloo. During the South African war Prince Radziwiłł served as a British officer in Kitchener's Fighting Scouts, and was dangerously wounded during the operations in the Western Transvaal. He earned the name among both officers and men of a brave and daring officer, a reputation which he has kept up by his actions in the present war.

Mr. Watson Rutherford, M.P., who has been giving evidence in the Hooley trial, is a person who is not afraid to depart from precedent. Last year, directly after his election to be Lord Mayor of Liverpool, he startled the other civic dignitaries not a little by inviting, through the columns of the Press, every ratepayer, who owned a visiting card to his receptions at the town hall. On several occasions the doors had to be closed owing to the crush. He also announced that every Sunday while in Liverpool he would attend a different church, morning and evening. Even the Salvation Army barracks was included in the list.

His next activity was to invite employees with over twenty years' continuous service to send their names to the town hall. Nearly 10,000 responded, and seventy-five of these, with over fifty years' records, were rewarded with appropriate gifts and certificates. He is an exceedingly good chess player, and holds the championship of the House of Commons.

It would be rather interesting to hear a horoscope of King Peter of Servia from the same lady who so clearly prophesied the murder of the late King and Queen. At a private seance she was given a sealed envelope, in which was a signature, and she then declared that she saw a palace and in it a king and queen. She saw men in uniform rush in and slay the man and, on her attempting to stop them, the woman. In the envelope was the signature of Alexander of Servia. This seance took place a month before the tragedy. The prophecy so deeply impressed the Serbian Minister in London that he wrote a warning to his Sovereign. The warning was evidently put on one side and forgotten.

Vice-Admiral Sir Robert H. Harris, who has been promoted to a full admiral, is one of the lucky officers of the service, and for his standing he is one of the youngest. He owes a certain amount of his good fortune to the interest of his father, the late Captain Robert Harris, but he is a first-class officer, and one in whom his men trust implicitly. He was in command at the Cape during the South African war, and gave up his quarters on his flagship to the captured General Cronje. He has always been exceedingly keen on good marksmanship, and has taken infinite pains to improve the gunnery of men under his command.

Sir Alfred Scott, M.P., Garter King of Arms, whose knighthood has just been officially announced, though granted in July, did not take up his heraldic career at first. After coming down from Cambridge he devoted his energies to writing lyrics and musical plays. Numbers of his songs for children, signed "Rumpelstiltskin," appeared in "Aunt Judy's," a magazine edited by his mother. Louis Carroll was also writing for "Aunt Judy" at that time. Heredity does not go for much in his case, or he would have gone into the Church, for he is the son of one D.D. and the grandson of another—the latter having enjoyed the previous distinction of being Nelson's private secretary.

That some people should have had the temerity to call Mlle. Janotha's famous black cat spiteful is not very strange. On one occasion he turned rather nasty with his mistress, and tore her hand so badly that several veins were severed. Considering that he wore a golden necklace—as distinct from a collar—which had been blessed by the late Pope, one might have expected better behaviour from him. Mlle. Janotha, by the way, is, of course, Court pianist to the German Emperor, though she lives in England entirely now. She is a Pole by birth, and a relation of the late King of Poland. Age seems to be dealing very unkindly with her on the score of increasing stoutness.

Speaking of the stampeades of army horses in Essex and Ireland, a correspondent of the "Westminster Gazette" tells how a dangerous stampeade was stopped by the presence of mind of a trumpeter in South Africa. A dust-storm springing up suddenly, the horses took fright, and, breaking from their lines, started rushing madly towards the sea. The trumpeter, who knew something about horse-mastership, instantly sounded the forage-call. Two minutes later every animal was standing quietly in its appointed place, and all danger was over. Had an officer shown such presence of mind he would have been awarded the D.S.O. at least. What the trumpeter got, however, was ten days' confinement to barracks for "sounding a call without orders."

## CONVENIENT.

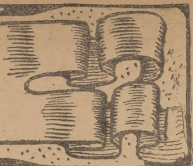
First Friend: Did you have anything to eat while you were in your motor?

Second Friend: Oh, yes. They had a good restaurant just off the repair-shop.—October "Smart Set."

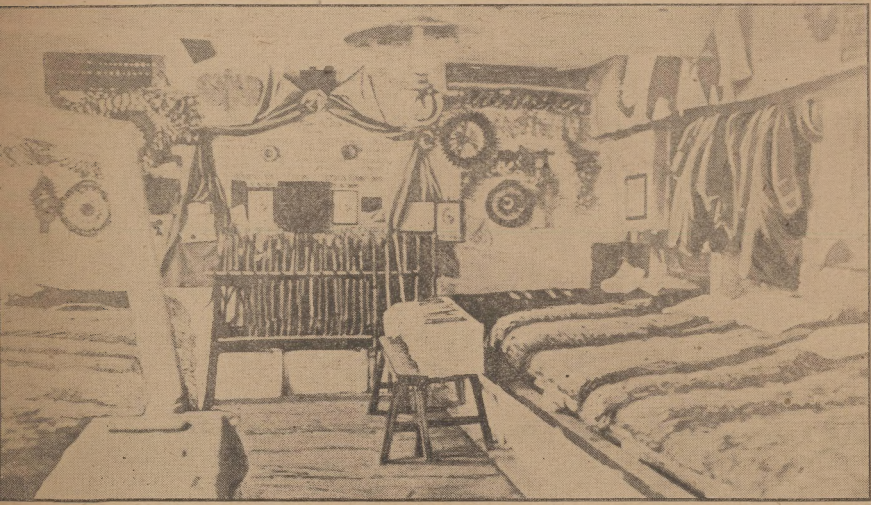




# Views of the news

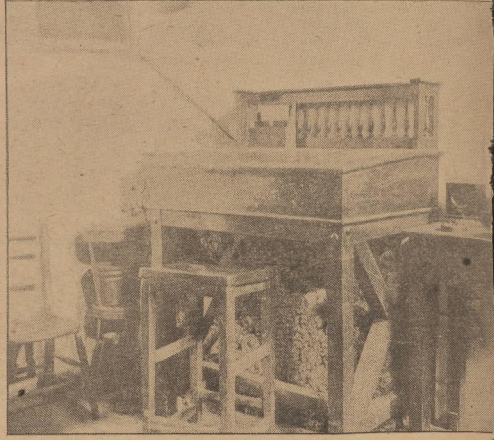


RUSSIANS IN RABBIT HUTCHES.



The Russians have constructed underground barracks at Mukden, where they can repair for safety during the bombardment of the town by the Japanese. This photograph shows the interior of one of these subterranean bomb-proof shelters.

MARBLE ARCH INHABITED.



Very few of the thousands of Londoners who daily pass by the arch are aware that it is inhabited. But it is, and this photograph shows the telegraph room, which is used by the police for communication on occasions of state ceremonies and processions.

FALL OF BREAD.



This bread cart was proceeding down New-street-hill, E.C., yesterday, when it skidded on the cobbled roadway and completely overturned, loaves and rolls scattering in all directions.

ACCIDENT TO JOCKEY LANE.



W. Lane, the jockey who was thrown from his horse at Lingfield on Tuesday, being carried to the ambulance room on the course.

MISS MILLIE LEGARDE.



Since she joined the cast of "Sergeant Brue" a love-lorn playgoer has haunted the theatre day and night, sending her pathetic billets doux. (Biograph Studio.)



Here is another view of the Arch—known as many as one hidden room concealed in the arch when a state party is passing through.

MORE ENTRIES FOR THE "DAILY MIRROR" BABY BEAUTY COMPETITION.



VIOLET MARY TATE.



SONNEY FREEDMAN.



MASTER C. H. SEWELL.

THE UMBRELLA DANCE.



The latest dance in Paris is here seen. It is called the Umbrella Dance, and offers opportunities for displaying graceful movements.



# THE DAY AFTER TOMORROW

## "DAILY MIRROR" GALA DAY AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE

### FREE ADMISSION ON SATURDAY NEXT SEPT 24<sup>TH</sup>

BY COUPON



SCENES OF THE GREAT FREE "MIRROR" ENTERTAINMENT ON SATURDAY NEXT.



MAIN TRANSEPT AND SOUTH TOWER.



The football ground at the Crystal Palace: Polo matches will be played on Saturday next—"Mirror" Gala Day—and "Daily Mirror" readers will have an opportunity of witnessing some excellent polo play free of charge.—(Russell and Sons.)



THREE OF THE "KILTIES."

### PRIZE BAND FOR SATURDAY.



Upper Norwood Temperance Prize Band, winners of ten prizes, will give selections throughout the day on Saturday next—"Mirror" Gala Day—at the Crystal Palace.—(Russell and Sons.)



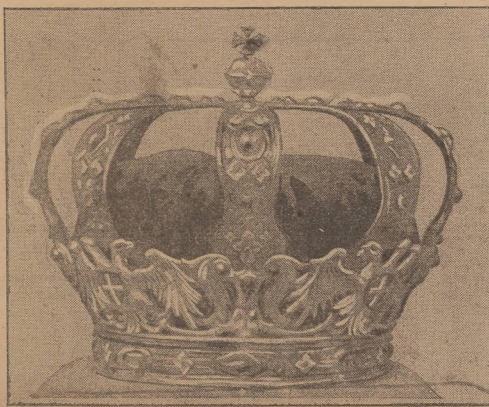
Centre Transept and North Tower, from the terrace.—(Russell.)

### GRAND ORGAN RECITAL FREE ON "MIRROR" GALA DAY.



Mr. Walter H. Hedgcock and the great organ in the Centre Transept, on which he will give a grand recital for the special benefit of "Mirror" readers on Saturday next.

### UNEASY LIES THE HEAD THAT WEARS A CROWN—



—of thirty pounds of gun-metal. That is what this crown, King Peter's, of Serbia, weighs. His coronation took place at Belgrade yesterday.

### THE BATTLE OF THE GHETTO.



Princelet-street Club, Spitalfields, the scene of the "Yom Kippur," or "Day of Repentance," disturbances amongst the Jews in the East End. This place is now under police protection.



## THE GREAT TIME TABLE.

ALL THESE AMUSEMENTS ARE ABSOLUTELY FREE TO "MIRROR" READERS.

The S.E. and C. Railway terminates at the High Level entrance.

Giant Tableau, "Great Fire of London," in Music Court, 6d.

Preparations for the special display by Messrs. Brock, which will terminate the great programme.

This is a detailed historical map of the London area, showing the River Thames, major roads, and numerous place names. The map is oriented with North at the top. Key locations include London, Westminster, and the surrounding counties of Middlesex, Surrey, and Kent. The map is labeled with various streets, landmarks, and geographical features. A scale bar is visible in the bottom right corner.

The above map shows the various railway routes by which readers of the "Daily Mirror" can reach the Crystal Palace on Saturday next—"Mirror" Gala Day. To ensure your not being disappointed order your copy of the "Mirror" early, and cut out the coupon, which admits you free to the Palace. (Reproduced by permission of the proprietors of the A.B.C. Railway Guide.)

(From Our Own Correspondent)

To the vociferous delight of a large crowd the lady wreaked her vengeance on the hat. She hit it with the umbrella, and finally jumped on it.



## More Numerous Than Lord Kitchener's Soudan Army.

Isolated cases in the papers from day to day give little idea of the huge dimensions of the passive resistance movement.

Up to yesterday morning no fewer than 32,041 summonses had been served on resistors, including 972 in London. This represents a growth in the movement at the rate of 7,000 per month.

To appreciate fully these remarkable figures it may be pointed out that the resistors now exceed by 2,000 the strength of the army with which Lord Kitchener reconquered the Sudan.

Six hundred and thirty-two leagues have been formed in the country, and no fewer than five million pamphlets and posters circulated.

An elaborate calculation shows that if four-fifths of the printing matter were ordinary eight-page octavo pamphlets, and the remaining one-fifth double-crown posters—a reasonable proportion—the paper required for the purpose would be sufficient to cover the walls of St. Paul's Cathedral, Westminster Abbey, and the greater part of the Albert Hall.

But the printing presses of several large houses are still running full time in turning out leaflets

by the thousand. At the present rate of production, therefore, three months hence the additional output, if the sheets were laid together, would almost, if not entirely, cover a space as large as St. James's Park.

### Queer Loot of the Martyrs.

Public sales now aggregate 1,145. In one case a distraint has been put into operation six successive times, Mr. Tom Smith, a Derbyshire farmer, being the unhappy victim.

An extraordinary variety of resistors' articles have come under the auctioneer's hammer. Amongst them are:—

Silver trousers  
Soup trowels  
Concordances  
Travelling trunks  
Spirit lamps  
Flask glasses  
Cheese  
Sacks of flour  
Teapots  
Gold rings  
Sewing machines  
Six dozen neckties  
Horses and carts  
Carpets

Pianos  
Sleep  
Cows  
Hornmouths  
Musical boxes  
Flat iron  
Marble clocks  
Timber  
Patches of bacon  
Bird cages  
Fursh-baives.  
Armchairs  
Bicycles  
Old boots

A remarkable feature of the seizures is the enormous number of copies of Morley's "Life of Gladstone," perhaps the most treasured gift of passive resistors. On one occasion a photograph of Dr. Clifford was knocked down for 38s. 6d. The works of John Bunyan have also frequently appeared in the catalogues. It is computed that £20,000 has been spent in

costs and summonses, a large percentage of the resistors appearing a second and even a third time.

Thirty-three resistors have been imprisoned, three suffering incarceration twice. These "martyrs" were Mr. Parker, of Sutton, Surrey, a Baptist; the Rev. Udy Bassett, of Birmingham, a Bible Christian; and Mr. Edwin Jones, of Birmingham, of the same persuasion.

The sentences have varied from a day to a month. Mr. Ebenezer Housdon, of Hitchin, obtained the maximum term, he preferring the prison cell to the payment of 4s. 6d. for "sectarian" teaching. He is still there.

### Notable Resistors.

The movement has included many men of light and leading in Nonconformist and Radical centres, among them being:—

M.P.  
Mr. George White  
Mr. Alfred Davies  
Mr. R. W. Perks  
Mr. C. E. Shaw  
Mr. S. Moss  
Mr. Lloyd-George

MINISTERS.  
Rev. R. J. Campbell  
Rev. C. S. Home  
Rev. F. B. Meyer  
Rev. T. Spurgeon  
Rev. J. H. Jowett  
Dr. Clifford

Other well-known ministers include the Rev. W. J. Dawson (Highbury), the Rev. J. Hirst (Hollowell (Rochdale)), the Rev. Dr. Leach (Manchester), Dr. H. S. Laun, the Rev. W. Robertson Nicoll, Dr. C. Wenyon, and the Rev. J. H. Shakespeare (all of London).

Baptists, Primitive Methodists, and Congregationalists have formed the bulk of the resistors.

There have been few Wesleyans, Mr. R. W. Perks, M.P., being a distinguished exception.

## JAPANESE IN CAPTIVITY.

### One Drop of Vodka Makes the Whole World Kin.

ST. PETERSBURG, Monday.—In the "Russki Invalid," the well-known war correspondent Krasnov writes an interesting description of the Japanese in captivity, from which I quote the following:—

"The 'enemy' sat in a circle of Cossacks, scowling, sighing, and holding his head. But the Cossacks, forgetting that he was a foe, looked at him with sympathy and pity.

"Yes, brother, we've caught you! But that's nothing. Don't be afraid!" said a short, red-bearded Cossack.

"Red trousers, green stripes!" said another. "Trim tunics—theirs is a clean army," said a third soldier.

"And it's a strong people," he said. "Little, but tough. He can fight. Fi, bogu, he's a brick. Listen, lad. Are you hungry?"

"The Jap groaned." "Do you know Chinese?" The Jap knew nothing. "Give him some vodka," said the young Cossack. The prisoner looked pleased.

"Russky Vodka! Drink it, Japoshia! Shango-bango!"

"The Jap drank, and nodded his head approvingly.

"It's a poor little people," said the red-bearded Cossack. "Do they know what they're doing? Going to certain death!"

## LOVE AT A PRICE.

By J. B. HARRIS-BURLAND.

### CHAPTER XXXVII. (continued).

Fortunately for Gramphorn it was not a very dark night.

Trixie bore him bravely, in spite of her lameness. Yet he had no thought for her, as he went southwards to the light which he had marked out as a beacon in a sea of marshland.

The light drew nearer and nearer to him, and then the silver moon suddenly edged up from the sea, and the marshland changed from darkness to a broad expanse of mist, which hung like a filmy cloud over the whole landscape.

Then suddenly a bar of silver flashed out from the mist, and a moment later Trixie's forelegs splashed in water. Gramphorn drew in the reins, and saw the rippling surface of a creek before him. The road had come to an end. Doubtless he had lost his way. He dismounted, and, examining the road, saw that it was a mere sheep track. Two hundred yards away the yellow light glared at him in mockery. He stood on the bank and shouted. No one replied, and all the time George Stanton was slowly bleeding to death.

Gramphorn's face grew very hard and grim in the moonlight. He had triumphed over a nation, and it was hardly likely that a few yards of water were going to turn him from his purpose. He remounted the horse, and took her straight into the creek. The moment her legs were earned from the ground he slipped from the saddle and drew her in safety to the opposite bank. He tied her to a stake and made his way to the yellow light. As it came close to him it revealed itself as a definite oil lamp set in a small window.

Gramphorn hammered at the door with his left hand. It was opened to him by a tall, black-bearded fisherman. He wore a blue jersey, and a pair of heavy sea-boots covered his dirty serge trousers up to the knee. He scowled at the financier, and seemed inclined to close the door in his face.

"I want your help," said Gramphorn hurriedly. "There's a man dying out on the marshes—shot. I'm wounded, see here," and he held up his hand. "We were attacked by some scoundrel. Come and help me to get the man home, to a doctor, or he will bleed to death. I'm a stranger, and don't know my way."

"Who might you be?" the man asked, looking suspiciously at Gramphorn.

"I'm a guest of Lord Beauvaull's at Salt Hall," Gramphorn replied sternly. "But I'm not here to answer idle questions. A man is dying over your tender. Are you going to help me to save his life?"

"What'll you give?" asked the man. Gramphorn repressed an oath, but his disgust was plainly written on his face.

"Ten pounds, if you'll look sharp."

"I'll ask my mate," said the fisherman. "Here, Bill," a sturdy, blackest man responded to the call, and came to the door smelling redolently of beer.

"This gentleman'll give us ten pounds to go out and fetch in a bloke that's been shot. Is it enough?"

"No, George," responded Bill bluntly. "I don't move under twenty pounds."

"We won't move under twenty pounds," said George.

"I'll give you twenty pounds," said Gramphorn. "but not a penny if you don't start in two minutes from now."

"Twenty pounds each I meant," said Bill. "Yes, twenty pounds each," echoed his mate. "Twenty pounds each," said Gramphorn, "if you start at once."

"Where is he?" asked Bill. Gramphorn described the place as accurately as he could.

"By the creek, eh?" said George, suddenly stirred to alacrity. "We'll go down in the boat and fetch him up. It'll save time. You come with me sir. You, Bill, cut along into Saltington for a doctor. Do you want a message taken to Salt Hall, Sir, to Lord Beauvaull?"

"Lord Beauvaull is dead," said Gramphorn, "he was shot. No! I think I had better break the news to Lady Beauvaull myself. Mind you keep your mouth shut when you find the doctor. I don't want this to reach her ears before I get home."

"Come along, Sir," said George, "and you had better hurry your stumps, Bill. It won't be much good having the poor bloke up here and no doctor to take the bullet out."

"What about him?" queried Bill, jerking his thumb towards the inside of the cottage.

"He'll be all right," growled George. "Tie his hands and feet, and lock the door on him. A gentleman," he explained to Gramphorn, "as we took for a lodger. He's gone a little dotty, he has, looks like drink; he's been crying blue murder all day. Got his knife into someone I reckon. We took a loaded revolver away from him, we did, but not before—"

"Oh, hang your talk," cried Gramphorn. "Let's be off. If you've any spirits we'll take some with us." Bill pulled a small bottle of rum

examined Lord Beauvaull and Stirling and pronounced life to be extinct. He then turned his removal to Stanton, and supervised his removal to the cottage. The young engineer was taken to one of the humble bedrooms, and the doctor produced a case of instruments. He turned to George Dowsett and Bill Jermy, who stood sheepishly in the background.

"Here you two," he said roughly, "clear out of this and look after that other fellow, if you don't want to get into trouble. If he wakes give him a dose of the medicine you'll find by his side." The men left the room, and the doctor proceeded to strip his patient to the skin.

"Ignorant brutes," he said. "When I arrived here an hour ago I found a poor wretch bound hand and foot, yelling his life out in the throes of delirium tremens. They're a bad lot, these two fellows. I've heard of 'em—smugglers, wreckers, thieves, survival of the old days when these callings were honourable. This is a bad case," he said, as he probed for the bullet. "The right lung, bleeding internally."

"He must be saved," said Gramphorn quietly. "No expense is to be spared. If you would like to call in a specialist, he shall be wired for in the morning. I will give you a thousand pounds if you save this young man's life."

"I shall do my best," replied the doctor, "regardless of the fee, but I shall be glad of assist-

you know this madman at all? You will excuse my asking, won't you?"

"It was my life that he desired," said Gramphorn. "His son died in the Mashangvandel fracas. He had a grudge against me. It is a curious irony of fate that I am the only person there has emerged scatheless from the combat."

"That finger," said the doctor, "let me look at it." Gramphorn held out his hand, and the doctor's groom entered the room.

"The trap is ready, sir," Gramphorn snatched his hand away.

"Must go," he said abruptly; "the finger can wait."

"Don't be a fool," said the young doctor, "a few minutes can make no difference. Let me dress the wound and bandage it properly."

"Bah!" said Gramphorn, taking up his hat; "it doesn't hurt at all. I will get it seen to in town. Give me the key to the case before you," and he left the room.

When Gramphorn returned to Salt Hall Juliet Aumerle had gone to bed, and Lady Beauvaull was waiting the return of her husband. Gramphorn broke the news as gently as he could and withdrew. He then changed his clothes and ordered a trap to take him to Vange, the nearest station of any importance.

He got there at one o'clock, and in less than half an hour he arranged for a special to town. The train did the journey in less than an hour on a clear line, and by 4.30 a.m. Gramphorn had returned with Sir William Hawk and a trained nurse.

With the help of the "most skillful surgeon in England, the bullet was successfully extracted from Stanton's body. When the operation was over, Gramphorn took Sir William Hawk aside.

"Will he live?" he asked abruptly.

"He may live," answered the cautious physician, "but he is in a bad state of health, half-starved, with something on his mind, I should say, from his ravings. I must go now. He is in competent hands."

"Look here," said Gramphorn, "you know who I am. All the skill that money can buy is to be devoted to this case. I will pay you £150 a year for your time, and a present of £2,000 if you will stay and the man lives."

"If you put it like that," said the eminent surgeon, "I shall be obliged to stay."

"Now, this finger of mine," said Gramphorn; "it doesn't hurt a bit, but you might see to it." Sir William Hawk unwound the dirty, blood-stained piece of linen and frowned.

"Doesn't hurt, you say?"

"Not a bit." The surgeon pinched the fleshy part of Gramphorn's hand.

"Feel it?" he asked.

"No," replied Gramphorn, with a smile. "You must have your hand off," said the surgeon gravely, "something wrong with the bullet, I expect. The mortification has set in. I cannot do it here. Go to town at once; Sir George Dent, in Harley-street."

Gramphorn did not utter a word, but his face blanched as he left the room. His right hand—the symbol of power—had to go. He wondered if it was a warning sent to him by God.

In a fortnight's time he returned to Salt Hall; his right arm was in a sling, and a soft mass of linen and cotton wool concealed the loss of his hand. He learned with some surprise that Juliet Aumerle was at Marsh End, helping to nurse George Stanton back to life. At once drove across the marshes to the low, ugly, black building where Sir William Hawk was still fighting tooth and nail with death.

It was dark when he knocked at the door. It was opened by Juliet herself. She greeted him with a passionless kiss on the cheek. He came forward into the light.

"Well, Juliet," he said cheerfully, "how is the patient?"

"He will live!" she cried, and her worn face was illumined with a great joy. "The doctor says he will live. This is my eye!" Gramphorn looked into her eyes in silence—the look of a man who has gained the whole world and lost his own soul. He understood.

(To be concluded.)

## ON THEIR WAY TO THE PALACE

NEXT SATURDAY, September 24,

Readers of the "Daily Mirror" should read the opening chapters of

## TILL THE DEAD SPEAK, OUR THRILLING NEW SERIAL.

out of his pocket, handed it to Gramphorn, and then he disappeared in the house. George and Gramphorn walked along the edge of the creek for nearly a quarter of a mile till they came to a large oyster snack. A black dinghy was lying on the bank.

It was the work of a few minutes to launch the boat, and George threw all the strength of his great frame into the task that lay before him. Before they had gone a hundred yards a long melancholy howl broke the silence of the night. The fisherman laughed.

"He's at it again," he said. "I reckon he'll get tired if Bill's tied him up right."

The man's powerful strokes sent the boat along at a rare pace, but howl after howl pursued them as they swished down the ebbing tide.

### CHAPTER XXXVIII. The Renunciation.

It was nearly eleven o'clock when the boat returned with its ghastly freight to the cottage by the creek. She had moved but slowly against the ebbing tide even with the help of a sail and with both men working their hardest at the oars. In the bows, half covered with a tattered pig, were the bodies of Lord Beauvaull and John Stirling. In the stern lay George Stanton, the most precious burden of the three, for life still flickered in his heart.

They were met on the bank by Bill Jermy and the doctor from Saltington. The latter quickly

ance. I should like Sir William Hawk down here as soon as possible."

"I will return to Salt Hall, at once," said Gramphorn. "If I can arrange it, I will get a special up to town to-night, and bring him back with me before daylight." The doctor slightly raised his eyebrows.

"May I ask your name," he said, still working hard at his task. "I seem to know your face."

"Gramphorn," replied the financier, "John Gramphorn. I will go at once. Can I have your trap and man?"

"Yes, I shall stay here all night—ah, here's the bullet at last. Nearly through him, and only just missed the spine."

"Fired close enough to go through two people," said Gramphorn.

"Here, you had better have my overcoat," said the doctor, "and change your things directly you get back to Salt Hall, or you will get a chill. Please tell my man to come in. There are a few more things I want from my surgery."

Gramphorn fetched the servant, and the doctor wrote down a few instructions on a piece of paper.

Get the trap round at once, Calton," he said. The man left the room. "It seems to have been a veritable battle," he added; "can you explain it at all?"

"That dead fellow was mad," said Gramphorn; "shot Lord Beauvaull and would have shot me, if this young chap hadn't stabbed him to death. You see now why his life must be saved—at any cost."

"H'm," said the doctor, looking keenly at Gramphorn's face. "Seems curious that he should have had this long knife on him, doesn't it. Did



# SEASONABLE BLOUSES FOR COLD WEATHER—FENCING AS A BENEFICIAL EXERCISE.

## THE ART OF THE SWORD.

### FENCING AN AID TO HEALTH AND BEAUTY.

Fencing is physical culture made inspiring. The girl with rounded shoulders and a narrow chest will discover that fencing is a blessing. To the one who has thick wrists and clumsy hands it will be a joy. Fencing teaches a woman to move the arms gracefully and to use the hands with exceeding elegance and daintiness. For the nervous

and in young people the bones of the chest and thorax necessarily become more enlarged, by means of which a consumptive tendency may be prevented. Various instances may be adduced where fencing has prevented consumption and other disorders. It has been remarked also that those who practise the art are remarkable for long life and the good health they have enjoyed.

Fencing is the sort of exercise that brings mental improvement as well as physical grace and development. You will realise what this means by watching a gymnasium class going through the various movements of ordinary calisthenics. The girls hop, skip, jump, and twist according to instructions, but out of the crowd there is only a very small percentage of girls who are in the proper

## "EMOTIONAL" HAIR.

### COLOUR AND CRISPNESS AFFECTED BY FEELINGS.

Not only is "emotional" hair well known to all medical specialists, but every hairdresser of experience recognises it frequently in connection with his own customers.

With some peculiarly constituted people the hair is affected by every passing emotion, and not only does it reach the extreme of crispness or limpness

and even spreading elsewhere through the realms of the Tsar.

"I have great and abiding faith in my own sex," she said recently. "Women are ever busy sowing the seed from which good springs up all over the world."

Since the Tsaritsa has become so deeply impressed with the importance of women's clubs and societies the Tsar has ordered that full reports of all such meetings shall be prepared for her perusal.

Husband: How is it that women's club of yours keeps you out so much later than it used to?

Wife: Oh, we've made a new rule that only one member may speak at a time.



A soft silk shirt, plaited from the throat downwards, with a simulated lace vest beneath.

Blouse of mauve and white dolaine prettily adorned with lace in the form of a "dicky."

Broderie Anglaise, executed in silk on silk, forms the yoke of a silk shirt.

Another variation of the plaited blouse carried out in white flannel and coarse cream lace.

woman who is afraid of everything exercise with the foil will do more for the health of the world and the consultations of dozens of physicians. Hysteria and nervousness do not exist for the girl who is a good swordswoman. She learns to be patient, and acquires a steadiness of nerve and eye and muscle that bestows a sort of generalship over herself. The same may be said of the girl who is troubled with self-consciousness, who becomes confused when spoken to suddenly, and who is always troubled by the idea that she is clumsy, inelegant, and awkward.

### Fencing Prevents Consumption.

A doctor declares in his book upon health and longevity: "There is no exercise with a view to health better entitled to the attention than fencing. The positions of the body in fencing have for their object erectness, firmness, and balance, and in practising that art the chest, neck, and shoulders are placed in positions the most beneficial to health. The various motions of the arms and limbs while the body maintains its erect position enable the muscles in general to acquire vigorous strength,

mental spirit who do their work with understanding. And it is this very understanding that forces the desired effects and brings physical benefits. With fencing it is a different matter. Lag a bit, or forget for one instant, and your adversary has vanquished you. Fencing is not a matter of moving about like an automaton. The brain directs the movements and make them count one way or another.

Besides stirring up the intellectual powers fencing makes a woman healthy. It helps the blood to circulate, and prevents that sluggish languor that overcomes the sedentary. By stimulating the blood the waste materials of the body are more quickly carried away, and the skin becomes clearer and finer and fairer in consequence.

You are not only giving your eye and brain good practice when you fence, but you are forming a queenly pose of the head and shoulders and body, and filling out the chest and giving breathing-room to the lungs. Fencing is also beneficial because it requires serious endeavour, which is sadly lacking in some women.

### Fencing Makes the Eye Bright.

The beautifying effects of the art are so powerful because it is plainly to be seen that to fence well in ungraceful attitudes is an absolute impossibility. The delicacy of the lunge and parry, and the steadiness of nerve that is necessary, force the fencer to be conscious of attitude and poise. The qualities of a good swordswoman are a keen eye, a sensitive touch, precision in movements, determination, and presence of mind, which qualities will serve her well in other matters besides exercise.

There are other items in favour of fencing. A girl never falls into the habit of overdoing it. A quick lesson or a brief encounter or two are exhilarating, delightful and fascinating. Fencing is not like cycling, which causes a girl to ride until she is exhausted; neither is it like golf, which inspires her to walk more miles than she should. It is also an all-the-year-round game which is not affected by skies or weather or anything else.

### SNOWBALL LACE.

One of the fashionable laces of the hour is snowball lace. Small, fluffy balls, varying in size from that of a pea to that of a walnut, dangle from white lace. The effect is very soft. Like all lace which requires handwork, it is expensive, and especially when a whole bodice is to be made of it. A little for the yoke and sleeves of a gown is all that is actually required, however, to proclaim a gown quite new.

within a very few hours, but it varies in colour greatly. Many a man who appears exceedingly grey on one day is comparatively dark haired the next, and cases are known where the single white locks of hair that sometimes are found on a head otherwise wholly black have disappeared almost entirely and then come again. That is to say, the white tuft has become almost black like the surrounding hair, and has then become quite white again.

### Hair that Changes Colour.

Two well-known hairdressers have said that they have customers who go grey and black again within a few hours. One gave as an instance the case of a financial magnate who was tried for fraud. During the proceedings he went iron grey, but directly he had been acquitted his hair returned to its normal colour—of course, quite without any artificial means.

Another strange fact is that there are a comparatively limited number of people whose hair will never take any dye, no matter what it may be, successfully and thoroughly. Bottle after bottle of hair dye may be expended upon it, but it refuses to take any pigment properly.

## WOMEN AND THE WORLD

### THE TSARITSA AS AN AVOWED SUFFRAGIST.

The Empress of Russia, it is said, is one of the most advanced women in Europe, and does not attempt to conceal her opinions. She is a strong believer in female suffrage, women's clubs, the higher education of women, and in women's right to enter any and all the professions. Although she does not approve of the eternal cigarette which the women of Russia applaud so highly for their own delectation, the Tsaritsa is an enthusiastic advocate of the many movements started by women for the betterment of society, and has frankly stated that if she lived in a land where Court regulations were less strict, she would be an avowed female suffragist.

Of all the royal women of Europe, the Tsaritsa stands out most strongly as the champion of her sex. She holds the almost all the great reforms of the world have been brought about by women, and that they are just becoming conscious of their power and possibilities. Under her imperial patronage societies for the education and development of women are growing numerous in St. Petersburg,

## The day started right

is the battle half won.

## The best day starter

in the world is

## Grape-Nuts

served with cream or rich milk, eaten cold direct from the packet.

Grape-Nuts do not over-heat like ordinary porridges, and will give you a clear, cool, sturdy brain.

## Beauty.

For cleansing the skin and preserving it from roughness, chaps, blotches, hard water, cold, wind or fog, **Teilmilma Floor Cream** is unique, and alone imparts the delicate transparent tint that need no powder. Price 1/- Six 2d stamps for two samples (different scents).

TEILMILMA CO., Ltd. (Dept. B.), 142, Gray's Inn Rd., W.C.

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HAND WORK

LINGERIE  
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ART DYEING & CLEANING  
MODERATE PRICES.

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the "easy" food. No trouble to get ready. No trouble to digest.



**A Nutritive Substance is not always a Digestible one.**

Sample Free on application.

# Mellin's Food

Mellin's Food, Ltd.,  
Peckham, London, S.E.

however is both, and has become the Standard, because it is Real Food—a food that Feeds.

## BUSINESSES FOR SALE & WANTED.

**DRAPERY** Business for sale—Shop to let; rent £35; double-fronted; main road, Manor Park; purchase of stock optional; no agents.—Write Box 1570, "Daily Mirror," 2, Carnarville-st., E.C.

**£60**—Confectionery, Ices, Minerals; splendid opening for general and tobacco; in age shop; busy street; could take £20 weekly.—Traveler, 59, Tottenhamham, Dalston.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

**A** TRIAL order solicited; high-class tailoring on easy payments; made to measure.—Woods and Greville, 76, Forest-st., E.C.

**ASTHMA CURED** by Zematone.—Write for free trial box to Cornford, 4, Lloyd's-av., London.

**DANCING**—Ladies and Gentlemen wishing to attend an occasional Cinderella (evening dress optional); finest ball-room West End, should send stamp for particulars to Principal, 27, Knox-st., Bryanston-sq.

**DANCING**—Portman Rooms, Baker-st.—Mr. C. Knight and Daughters beg to announce that they will resume their Juvenile and Adult Classes, Saturday, October 1, 2.15 and 5.30, respectively.—For terms address as above.

**DEAFNESS AND NOISES IN HEAD**—Gentleman (Cured Himself) will send Particulars of "Remedy Free,"—H. Clifton, 21, Ambrose House, 25, Waterloo-rd., London.

**FAMILIES Removing**—Dell's Patenting, Orville-road, Battersea, London.—Write for estimate, free.

**HEIGHT** increased 3 inches without fear of detection.—Full particulars send penny stamp, Rowland, 3, Morecambe-st., S.E.

**INDIGESTION**—Why suffer?—For effectual treatment, postcard to H. De Marcier, Stamford.

**OLD Artificial Teeth Bought**—Being largest manufacturing Dentists, we can afford to give the highest prices; call, or post; cash per return, or offer made.—The Paris Teeth Co. (D), 219, Oxford-st., 219, London.

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